

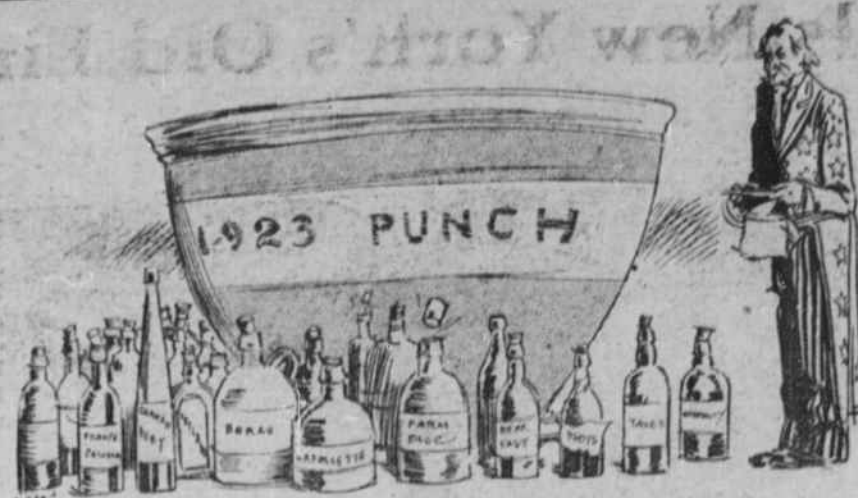
We were threatened with a saber-rattling Roosevelt, a hundred per center, a Red baiter and general man eater. But that mythical Roosevelt is dying. The Roosevelt of 1912 is emerging, the radical of his day, who raged at the provincial legalism of the courts of his period, who stormed the citadels of special privilege, who organized and led a great middle class rebellion. That Roosevelt is being reincarnated among us. He fits the restless times. The Roosevelt of 1912 would be as violently battling the theories of the administration to-day as he battled with the Taft Administration ten years ago, and it is hard to imagine him even four years older tagging along with Lodge and Moses. He would be holding Lenroot's coat and Capper's coat tails. But he would be an insurgent and proud of it. And what a merry war it would be!

There is this fine Lincolnian thing about the Colonel: He was so many different kinds of daisy that he blooms on every hill where men are fighting for any great cause. His rod and his staff they comfort us.

The New Alliance

IT IS becoming more and more evident as the war recedes that the world will see within the decade an alliance or understanding or merging of aims among the three great Northern peoples—America, Great Britain and her colonies and the German people. Germany led by the Hohenzollerns was a world menace, but the Germany that was crushed in the revolt of 1848, the old Germany of Hegel, Kant, Beethoven and Goethe, was a great spirit. The Germans have in their hearts the same aspirations toward orderly government of free men that move in the hearts of the great English-speaking democracies. It is inevitable that these people shall unite with them the Scandinavian nations and that they shall dominate civilization.

As for France, if she would join she must break her saber and put her leadership of to-day in the rubbish heap with Napoleon and the great Louis. The torch of civilization must not be smudged with gunpowder. Germany has clearly had



Uncle Sam regards with trepidation the ingredients of his New Year punch

her fill of war. So has Great Britain. America is unwarlike, and the alliance of these three is inevitable. And back of that union stands Russia—a mystery, a civilization in embryo, a people about to be born. Where they throw their weight will go the culture, the refinement, the high poetic dreams of the world in the next century. Russia will come out of her nightmare to hold the balance of power on the earth. But if Russia sees the vision of peace in her mystic soul, what a world we shall have! And in the next two decades we shall begin to divine the truth. What a shame it will be for those who have to die before the era begins to show forth its meaning and intention!

The Fascisti and the Ku-Klux

THE spirit of nationalism gone to seed that the Fascisti have imposed on Italy a similar society is imposing upon Mexico. There it is Catholic. In America the same spirit breathes through the Ku Klux Klan. The mask is but an incident. The bigotry and intolerance of the various ultra-nationalist organizations identify them with a common brotherhood.

The details of what they believe are unimportant. What they do and would do is the bond between them. In the end the whole crew of them raging across the

world is the reflex of war. They aspire to do by force one way or another what they should do under reason. They are the hang-over spirit of war. They are all as far removed from the spirit of the age as the Inquisition itself.

Granted that many evils need correction—cry out for it, indeed. Granted that in each nation serious anti-nationalist currents are running strong. They cannot be dammed. They must be diverted and directed. Reason and only reason will turn those anti-social currents into social power. Force will avail nothing. Force availed nothing in the war. Heaven knows which is hit harder—the victors or the vanquished in the war. Both are victims of the mad hallucination that force will ever settle anything.

If the Klansmen believe that the Catholics, the negroes and the Jews are menacing American institutions let the Klansmen show where and how. America will respond to the truth. But only the ignorant, the stupid and the bigoted respond to rumors, denunciation and baseless propaganda.

No matter how many such spiritual weaklings are assembled on one side of an argument, no matter how many Klansmen mask behind their cowardice, they make no majority. Reason, truth and common sense, even in a minority, can

overcome the powers of superstition. The world is sick of force. Grand parades and bloodshed and the terror flies by night have made the world sick it is to-day. Only reason will heal wounds that men have made tearing others' hearts out. "Doth not Wisdom cry out, and Understanding put forth her voice?"

Wallowing in Morality

GOVERNOR-ELECT AL SMITH is to be weakening. It is reported he will not ask for the repeal of the law enforcing the prohibition amendment. What a fall, my countrymen! Next week we shall expect to see Governor Edwards down at the Y. M. C. A. singing "Little Drops of Water." How a man does grovel before the noble aspirations of his fellow men when he gets the Presidential bee in his bonnet! Governor Smith before his term is out will make a sad spectacle of himself wallowing in morality. He will be out with Wm. Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League, raiding the Union League Club, waving tracts for circulation in Kew-Forest, and telling the world what a great and beautiful thing the Eighteenth Amendment really is.

It's an awful thing to be an anti-prohibitionist and work long and hard to elect a hard-boiled defender of light wines and beer, and then to wake up after the election and find him drinking milk-shakes and delivering homilies against the Rum Fiend. For the forty years of the nation's wide fight for prohibition the thing Governor Smith may plan has been the common experience of the wet candidate after he has won. That is why anti-prohibitionists never get anywhere. They sink back two feet further at every step than they plunge forward. And when the dry candidate by some chance goes to the electorate falls upon him for a hypocrite and there's an end of him.

Twice over thus from childhood's hour,
We've seen the prize wet hope decay.
He whoops it up for whisky gear,
But finishes on cards and whar.
We never lacked a gay school
Who promised us our corn and rye
Who did not elevate his sheet,
And then go gently, sweetly dry.

Copyright, 1922, New York Tribune Co.

New Year Statistics That Nobody Prints

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

Illustration by Jefferson Machamer

WE HAVE our own ideas about New Year's statistics. Generally such statistics have to do with sports and business. They tell you who won the tennis championships and who made the most home runs and who ran and swam the fastest. All of which would be valuable enough, but, if you are a sports follower, you assimilated those things when the records were made.

In the matter of business New Year's statistics will give you the ups and downs of the iron trade and the wool trade and other trades, all illustrated with charts. Yet you have known in a general way that both trades might have been better.

New Year's statistics, to bring the needed element of surprise, should deal with things not already known. For instance, nobody knows who washed the most dishes during the year. We favor clearing up this point with a paragraph about as follows:

"Miss Maizie Terwilliger, the dishwasher at the Chic House, De Kalb, Ill., holds all short and long distance dishwashing records for the year. On July 30, when the harvesters from nearby farms were eating at the Chic House, Miss Terwilliger washed 1,236 dinner plates, 1,236 cups and 1,236 saucers and 1,236 pie plates from 5:27 a. m. to 10:32 p. m., her customary hours. During the year, Miss Terwilliger washed 144,566,745 dishes of all sorts without the aid of any dishwashing machine or any other mechanical assistance. Her record has been attested by the stop-watch holders of the International Dishwashers' Rules Committee."

Another thing that should be definitely established in figures is the film-viewing championship. If Anna Doubetsky, the flapper daughter of Peter Doubetsky, of Passaic, N. J., sees a motion picture show every afternoon and evening during the entire year, and often attends morning performances and "supper turns," why should not the record be definitely established to show the ocular endurance of this generation? Reduced to film footage, Miss Doubetsky's record would be impressive—so very impressive that we hazard no estimate further than to give it as our opinion that it would run into the billions, if not into the trillions.

A picture of the film-viewing champion, slumped into her favorite type of movie seat, staring impassively at the screen and deriving physical and mental stimulation from chewing gum, would help the effectiveness of her published record.

Another matter that should get into the permanent records is the bankbook

balancing championship. If there is any one person who can keep a bankbook in accord with the bank's books, so to speak, and whose balances from month to month total exactly with the balances of the financial institution, that person should get a paragraph and a picture in the statistical records of the first of the year.

A picture in such a case would be an absolute necessity. Nobody would believe that such a record has been established without seeing a photograph of the record-holder. One can imagine how such a champion would look—a sort of composite of Euclid and Archimedes, with a dash of the modern bank teller thrown in.

"Albion Short," the paragraph would run, "holder of the perfect record for balancing an individual bankbook, lives in Peru, Ind., and is alone in his class. Three bank bookkeepers have committed suicide owing to disappointment at not being able to trap Mr. Short in an error. Miss Louella De Glass, of Baker City, Ore., Mr.

Short's nearest competitor, dropped out of the running in August, when her balance and that of the bank showed a difference of three cents. Since that time Mr. Short ran the race virtually alone."

In New York City there are many local championships which should get for their share of space in the columns of New Year's. Here are some of the millions who, during the year, teeming, hang to the straps of subway elevated and surface cars, and yet no special mention is made of their endurance. The champion strap-hanger of the year deserves better treatment from the press.

And why is any one who jumps the hurdles in the quickest time entitled to more of a hearing than the winner of New York's great and continuous obstacle race—the individual who circles the most miles of brick and who walks up and down the greatest number of temporary steps dodging the eternal evidences of new construction?

"Andrew Dacosta, whose picture is shown herewith, walked 2,347 miles around and over brick and sand piles, donkey engines and around and under swinging cranes, during the year in New York City—all this in addition to the obstructed blocks between home, office and subway stations. This beats the record of 2,347 miles established last year and shows not only that building construction is improving in New York but that New York patience and endurance are improving also."

By all means open the way for such official records. If New Year's is to be a statistical let it be comprehensive.



Maizie Terwilliger, of De Kalb, Ill., holds the dishwashing title